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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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"HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL HE GETS THERE."

PUCK,
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Wednesday, January 25th, 1893. — No. 829.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON A DANGER OF SUCCESS.

THE COMPLETE and effectual absorption of the Democracy of New York City by triumphant Tammany recalls the story of the Boy, the Apple, and the Other Boy. Said the Other Boy to the Boy: "When you 've et your apple, will you give me the core?" Said the Boy to the Other Boy: "There ain't going to be no core." Tammany has got New York and New York's Democracy, and pretty much everything else in sight. There is, of course, opposition to Tammany, but it is opposition of the kind best typified by the Chadwick Civic Club, which lately announced to the world that it voiced the long-felt wants of fifty thousand suffering citizens through the medium of fifteen chadwicks of Forsyth Street. Of this chadwicky sort of opposition to Tammany, there is, it is true, a plenty. But it is not likely to be very terrifying to Tammany. The most conspicuous foes of the Tiger despise all usual and political methods of warfare, and delight in substituting schemes of their own which sometimes seem to have been conceived in the world of comic opera. Their attacks are planned in conformity with a theory which is inexpressibly dear to them, perhaps from the force of old associations, that every member of the Tammany organization is naturally and inevitably a thug, a murderer, a thief and incendiary, a forger and embezzler, a pickpocket, and in his lighter and happier moments, a drunkard. In view of the fact that Tammany is giving a most remarkable object-lesson in the art of supplying a great deal of good municipal government for a comparatively small amount of money, such attacks do little more than to excite a sentiment of kindly regard in the public mind for the people so unreasonably pestered and annoyed.

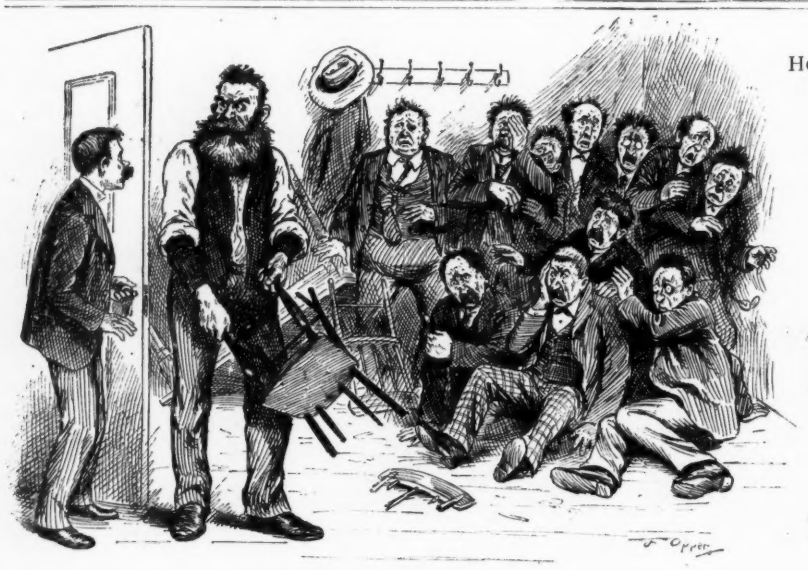
* * *

The only real danger that at present threatens the permanence of Tammany's rule lies in an abuse of power, not on the part of Tammany's leaders, but on the part of the rank and file of Tammany's district leaders and workers. Tammany's leaders are not only anything but the thugs which the vehement reformers are fond of calling them, but they are men of far too solid qualities to lose their heads in the intoxication of success, and to betray the people who have reposed confidence in them. They may be about to commit a serious and irretrievable mistake in the destruction of the City Hall; but in the main their plans for municipal extension and improvement seem to be sound and wise. But the average district leader is quite another sort of man, as a rule. He may be a very good leader and a very honest sort of fellow, too, without having the force of character or the moral balance to withstand the temptations of undisturbed and unchallenged supremacy.

In the old days, what with the County Democrats and the Republicans, there was generally enough practical opposition to Tammany in an ordinary district to keep the Tammany leader "hustling," even if it accomplished nothing more; and this was a good thing for the Tammany leader and for the district. It kept him in touch with the people and forced him to exert his energies in their behalf. He held his position largely by virtue of his ability to find out what the people wanted and to get it for them. Now that he has what he himself would call a walk-over, this incentive to well-doing is removed; and he must be a very exceptional man of his class if he does not find himself exposed in its stead to a strong temptation to play the local tyrant and to forget that those who made him can unmake. We are inclined to hope that this temptation will prove too strong for Tammany's subalterns — not that we take pleasure in seeing good citizens subjected to the arrogant oppression of small political bosses; but that we think it may do them good to realize through experience one of the evils inherent in all factional government, and to learn for themselves a simple truth which seems to many strangely difficult of comprehension — that it is quite possible to admit that Tammany is at the present day dealing in an uncommonly good line of municipal government; that Mayor Grant was a very good mayor; that Mayor Gilroy will probably be as good, and will undoubtedly try to be better; and that New York is an eminently desirable place to live in — without saying that it is a wise thing for New York to substitute the will of Tammany for the will of the Democracy.

ON A NEAT JOB.

The Church of Rome is another organization which leaves mighty little core lying around loose when it undertakes to dispose of any particular apple. We are moved to this reflection by noting the delightful thoroughness of the clean-up which the Holy Church has made in the case of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. When that large-mouthed gentleman left the fold, there were not wanting those who saw in him an American Martin Luther of Irish extraction, and who thought that he was going to make the Scarlet Woman of Babylon totter on her seat. He went out of the communion, and hired a hall and called the good old Pope more names than he can remember now. The Pope winked and blinked and sat in the Vatican writing Latin verses and popularizing his reign by decreasing the number of fast-days in Lent, and allowing extra rations of meat to the children of the Church — and a very good thing it was, indeed, and perhaps it did more than anything else to head off the return of the Grip epidemic. And after a while it became evident to even the most hysterical intellect that Rome was going to sit upon her Seven Hills for a while longer, even if the worthy Dr. McGlynn *did* make an indecent exposure of the inside of his lungs. Now, when this fact was once established, any influence for mischief which the vociferous McGlynn might possess vanished like dew before the sun. But his unparalleled power of wind was still a useful instrument, if it could be turned to the service of the Church, and in his years of exile he had gathered together a nice little flock of his own, that was accustomed to giving of its fleece in the most generous style. So one day the peaceful old Pope sent out an experienced emissary with an apostolic stick. He approached the ex-reverend doctor with a sweet smile of reconciliation on his face, and before they any of them knew what had happened, the great McGlynn and all the little McGlynnlets were gently but firmly picked up and dropped back into the fold of Mother Church; and the McGlynn incident was closed, with a net gain to the Church of one recalcitrant priest proved harmless and made subservient, plus a fair-sized congregation of amiable and open-handed cranks, some of whom may doubtless be turned into right good Catholics. There was n't much core to *that* apple.



ALMOST UNANIMOUS.

COURT ATTENDANT.— The Judge wants to know if the jury 's agreed yet.
FOREMAN.—Tell him we 'll probably reach a unanimous verdict in about four minutes!

FORCING CONVERSATION.

HOFFMAN HOWES.— That girl can't talk a little bit.
HOWELL GIBBON.— 'S that so?
HOFFMAN HOWES.— Suah. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was "No;" and I had to propose to her to get her to say that.

GEMS OF SONG — Patti's Precious Tones.

A LONG FELT WANT — Weather Strips.

UNCLE TREETOP. — People complain that the elevated train guards are disobliging; but I have n't found them so.
CITY NEPHEW.— Did one do you a favor?
UNCLE TREETOP. — Yep; I asked him to stop the train and let me out at Grand Street, and he done it.

THE GANG-PLANK — "Hang together for the spoils."

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY — Æsculapius.

SHORT AND SWEET — The fawning borrower.

ANOTHER FOREIGN OUTRAGE.

MRS. ROTTEN-ROWE *(to her American friend).*— Dear Mrs. Lakeside, why do I find you in this dreadful state of agitation?

MRS. LAKESIDE.— Could anyone *dream* of such insolence! My Paris dressmaker has actually sent his bill to me *in English!*

THE NATURAL RECIPIENTS OF YARNS.

MISS INLAND *(to* OLD SALT, *who is showing the party over the flagship).*— And what are all those soldiers on board a ship for?

BO'SUN'S MATE HARDTACK.— Thim? Oh, thim 's the marines, Mum!

MISS INLAND.— Marines? And what are they for?

PAPA INLAND.— Don't ask so many foolish questions, Mary Ellen. Everybody knows those gentlemen are employed by the government for the sailors to tell stories to.

"TAKES IT EASY."

A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

NAT. BANKS.— Tinker 's got a new idea for a slot machine that 'll make him lots of money.

KIRBY STONE.—What's his scheme?

NAT. BANKS.— Why, it 's a machine with two slots. You put a dime in one, then you put a nickel in the other and get your dime back. It works every time, and is a clean saving of five cents.

FULLY EXPLAINED.

PELHAM. — How does it come that your club has such a large floating debt?

TRAVERS. — It owns a yacht.

VERY SUSPICIOUS.

PAUL KNIGHT.— If you don't stop investigating my conduct you may get into trouble.

MRS. KNIGHT.— How?

PAUL KNIGHT.— You will be arrested as a suspicious character.

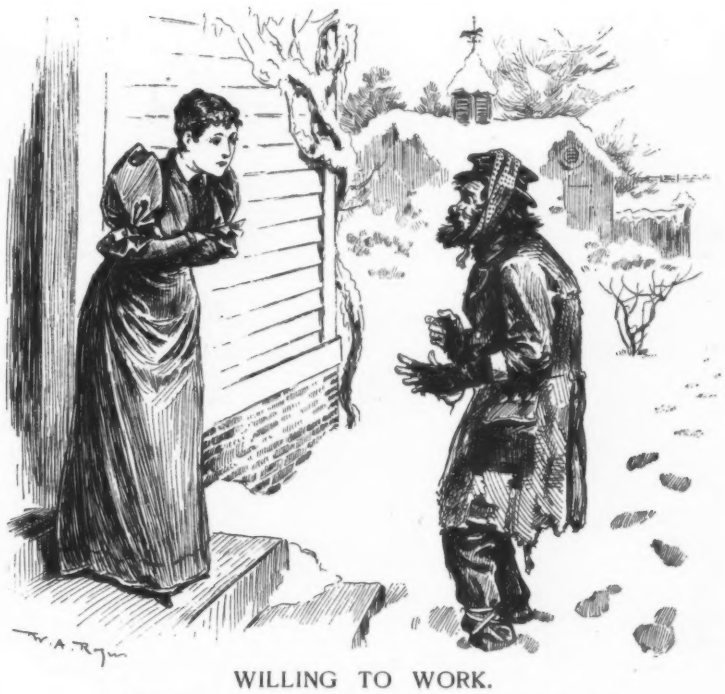
"A BRUSH WITH the enemy," as the fox remarked when he left his tail in the trap.

WHEN MARRIAGE introduces her to the wash-tub, woman has a right to call it a labor union.

ALL HE COULD SEE OF IT.

"Why does the ballet kick so high?"
Said she, "I 'd like to know."
And the man behind her said: "So I
Above your mammoth hat can spy
A wee little bit of the show!"

Nixon Waterman.



WILLING TO WORK.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—If I give you your breakfast, will you work for it?

WANDERER.— Yes; if you 've got anything in my trade.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.— What is your trade?

WANDERER.— Landscape gardener.

HANKS

·ASSORTED YARNS·

THE TOO-GOOD SAMARITAN.

SHE LEANED back in the brougham and closed her eyes. To look at her list made them ache. If she had been six different Samaritans, driving six different ways in six different broughams, she could not have discharged her works of necessity, let alone her works of conscience and charity.

Even to close her eyes was an infliction, for, when she did so, the figure of a Certain Man rose up before them. After a girl has achieved her first refusal, she is a little surprised at herself; after her second, a little proud of herself; and after her third or fourth, a little anxious about herself. The Too-Good Samaritan's anxiety was complicated by the fact that her two latest refusals — by which the Certain Man had suffered — had been inspired by a doubt whether it would be possible to be Too-Good with him. Furthermore, she knew that he was suffering.

"He ought to get over it and marry some other girl," she murmured, with that painfully acute perception of the whole duty of man which so often comes to the conscientious. "If he were only to meet the right one —"

Suddenly she sat up straight, thrilled to the core with the inspiration of the whole duty of woman: she would find the other girl for him!

Whoever has followed the modern spirit of antiseptic charity must have observed that it is only a part of that broad movement of social reform which consists in the administration of homœopathic doses of evolution. When people are in sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity, you must give them only what will be good for them in the Twentieth Century. That is the doctrine; that was the doctrine by which the Too-Good Samaritan habitually practised; and, though she occasionally had a perception of the humor of it, she forthwith proceeded to select a wife for her lover by its scientific teachings. And she settled on her sixth most intimate friend — who was an exciting specimen of the sort of girl who, to do her justice, has a great deal of good about her — because she would develop his latent force of character, and, in turn, be ennobled by his affection.

Then the Samaritan gave a dinner and put the two side by side. After which her spirits rose.

And so did those of her friend, who was already sorry for the Certain Man, and instantly divined the Samaritan's kind intentions.

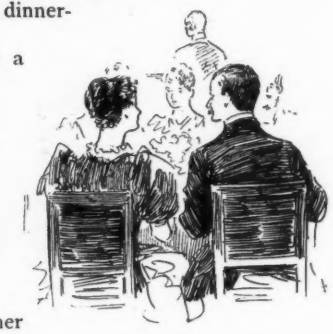
At dinner, accordingly, the Certain Man had balm poured into his wounds, after the manner of the old-fashioned therapeutics, and seemed to like it. At the end of the evening he shook hands with the Good Samaritan almost gratefully, and mentioned what a perfectly charming woman the other girl was. The Samaritan smiled, and, when he had gone, spoke to her friend about stepping in for a cup of tea to-morrow. In a word, the affair was launched.

Once launched, it rode the hitherto turbulent waters like a thing of life. The Other Girl surprised even herself by the liberality of her consolation. The part of a ministering angel brought with it its own wings. Had the Certain Man been unattached, she would have been forced to own that she was flirting with him at a rate to beggar the ideal philosophy in six weeks. But an attachment in the background saves everything, even innocence. Besides, her real object was merely to provoke, as his ally, the jealousy of the Samaritan. She suspected that she had already begun to effect that object. But she was willing that the provocation should be extreme.

On her part, the Samaritan thoroughly enjoyed her first sensation of relief. The Certain Man no longer seemed clinging to her conscience with the grasp of a drowning man; and the Guild and the Unlimited Question Club and other institutions profited thereby.

After a while, however, she began to wonder whether his better nature was expanding as it ought under the influence of the Other Girl. She had seen but little of him, and had no data.

To procure them, she gave another dinner-party.



But this second dinner-party was a disappointment. She found him more amusing than she had ever known him before; very gay, very gallant, and very much of a man; but the sweetness and light for which she had hoped seemed wanting. And if he had ever considered the Twentieth Century a lode-star, it appeared that he now no longer looked for its beams.

"I suppose you have been studying the strikes?" she said to him, rather timidly.

"Are you talking of coaling or bowling?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye, as he cut open his partridge.

Obviously he was blossoming in the dust — a worldly blossom. She was alarmed.

For, no doubt about it, the Other Girl was encouraging him.

Of this the Certain Man was himself becoming aware. Strictly speaking, and to save him from the blemish of vanity, it was only his nerve centres that were the percipient agents. Still, there came a day when the Other Girl realized that her function was nearing its limit. So she called time.

"Do you believe in giving pennies to the blind?" she said.

"Thoroughly," he answered, smiling.

"Well," she said, "I don't. I am a Pharisee. I like to give to people who can see. Now, you are not blind, are you?"

"Indeed," he said, "I know what you have done for me, without having it pointed out to me."

"Well, then, don't you think it is time for you to profit by it? Take my advice. Somebody we both know is very unhappy."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She explained in three words: "Winifred wants you."

But it took the Certain Man some little while longer to understand.

When he did, he was angry, very. "Have you supposed me to be a willing actor in such a farce?" he cried. "A farce? — a tragedy! I tell you, this prescribing for souls is nothing but playing with souls. Women are worse than the vivisectionists. Pardon me — I don't mean to be uncivil — but am I really to understand that Miss Fontaine intended that I should find another allegiance?"

"If she did, why do you not turn that to advantage?"

"She is too good!" he said, bitterly.

"Too good!" exclaimed the Other Girl. "Have you seen her lately?"

"No; I have found the other allegiance!" exclaimed the Certain Man, impetuously.

The Other Girl drew herself up. "I refuse to allow you to say that to me before you have seen Winifred again," she said. "Do you understand?"

He said he did. But she was frightened.

What the Certain Man did not know was, since that second dinner the Samaritan was the Samaritan no longer. The Guild was thrown over; the College Settlement settled its affairs without her help; the Correspondence Club had lost a date. When her quondam lover found her, the Samaritan was "going out" — that most complicated form of inter-social action — with fevered energy, and talking and laughing as if her reputation depended on it. In fact, poor child, she was doing her best to make herself a water-color copy of the Other Girl.

When the Certain Man came up and asked her to dance, her heart beat fast. "Dance?" she said; and, with lips that had once been forbid to speak any too-familiar words, she stammered: "That is what I am here for."

Profoundly disturbed and disgusted by the inconstancy of woman, the Certain Man returned to the Other Girl.

"I danced with Miss Fontaine last night," he remarked, briefly.

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To his surprise, the Other Girl asked no questions; but merely said: "Would you mind going with me to the Guild to-night?"

The Certain Man knew he was not refined gold, but it did puzzle him to understand why he should be Guilded for the second time. He had found the Samaritan flying in the face of Nature; but the Other Girl was flying in the face of Providence. True it was that she trode the path of duty like a Taglioni; but she trode it relentlessly, and the Certain Man was tired of its arduous steeps. Why was he again condemned to dine at six in order that he might give out books to a parcel of sewing-girls at eight? It was inhuman. Instead of being reminded of the Samaritan, as the Other Girl expected, he revolted.

"Look here," he said; "why must we go and waste our time on these ungrammatical idiots, who are infinitely more contented when they are let alone?"

"Because I ask you to," she said, soberly. "And besides — I thought you were used to the Guild. Are n't you?"

Used to the Guild? Used to the memory of a girl whom he had put out of his life? "I assure you," he said, his color rising, "the Guild, in itself, has no interest for me one way or another."

"Really?" said the Other Girl. "Then I think that if it was a pleasure to you to go there with Winifred, it should be a pleasure to you to go there with me. Don't you?"

"You don't understand," cried the Certain Man, to whom it came very natural to be angry at such a question. But all of a sudden he was vouchsafed an illumination.

"Of course I decline going with you," he exclaimed, "when I see plainly that your only object is to test me."

"You saw nothing of the kind," said the Other Girl, calmly, "until just five seconds ago. But supposing you are correct, will you tell me what difference that makes?"

There are strong reasons for believing that the man who invented clubs was unhappy, or at least complicated, in his love affairs. After a night with a headache and a day with his clients, the Certain Man put on his hat and walked with determination toward his club of greatest expansion.

Within a few doors of it he met the Samaritan and the Other Girl, walking together.

Their own meeting had been accidental; they had united out of pure self-consciousness; the Certain Man joined them out of pure consternation. They all talked very fast.

They paused at the Other Girl's door. She asked them in; and, as they hesitated, drove them in before her. It was no time for scruples.

She made an excuse to leave the room. When she returned she said: "By the way, this is our night for the Sanitary Science Association, is it not?"

Silence. Then the Samaritan said, all in a flutter: "Oh, I have just been asking Mr. Kinnaird to go to the theatre with us to-night."

Singular revulsion! Extraordinary fallibility of human nature! The Other Girl felt an instant rush of blind jealousy to the head.

"Dear me!" she said; "I was counting on Mr. Kinnaird, but if he prefers to go to the theatre —"

Mr. Kinnaird bit his lip. "Really," he said, "it is a difficult position." He rose. "The fact is, I owe apologies to both you ladies, for I have an engagement at the club which I fear I shall have to keep."

And he stalked out.

The two girls looked at each other. Then Winifred's cheeks flushed and her eyes shot hatred at her friend. "You have done this!" she cried. "You have done it all!"

"Take care, Winifred!"

"Oh, no, no! I did not mean it!" And she cast herself, sobbing, on her friend's neck. "Oh, Mabel, do you think he will ever come back?"

"I don't know," said the Other Girl, her eyes wet. "It is astonishing how men object to — to — to being monkeyed with."

— The door opened, and Mr. Kinnaird appeared on the threshold. He made a despairing gesture, and took a step forward. "My darling!" he said.

Both girls started to their feet.

But the Other Girl knew which he meant. It was she who had been a neighbor to him; and that despairing exclamation was intended for the least deserving. She ran, crying and laughing, to the door.

Yet, as she put her hand on the knob, she turned and took a good look behind her. She felt that that was no more than her deserts.

Thomas Wharton.

KINGSLEY UP TO DATE.

Be good, sweet maid, and let whoever will be clever,
"Do" noble things, not marry them, at least not for long;
Don't tie up for life, and death, and that vast forever,
For Nobles now are going for a song.

AN UNTIMELY SUGGESTION.

BARBER.—Would you like to take a bath, sir?

MR. HAYRICK *(being shaved while in town)*.—Bath! Gewillikins, man; this is only Wednesday!

WANTED A POUND OF CURE.

MRS. KANE.—I read in a paper that sugar was a sure cure for hiccoughs; and I tried it on Dick.

MRS. BEETROOT.—Did it work?

MRS. KANE.—Temporarily; but he has had a relapse about every twenty minutes ever since.

AWAY BEHIND.

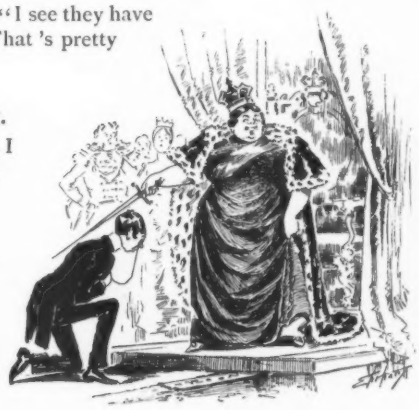
"Bagley," said the managing editor of a Philadelphia daily, "those New York fellows are terribly behind the times. Here is a Sunday paper only about two months old, and they 've only just got the story of Columbus's discovery of America."

"But," said his assistant, "I see they have got his picture in the story. That 's pretty good journalism."

ON A SOUND STEAMER.

REV. DR. THIRDLY. — I hope you have a never-failing trust in Providence.

STRANGER. — Well, yes; we flatter ourselves that the cotton-goods combine is pretty solid.



"MAKING A KNIGHT OF IT."

STRIKING A BALANCE.

MARIE. — What on earth are you wearing your sealskin coat in the house for?

MAUD.—Well, Ned said he could n't afford to buy it for me, on account of the quantity of coal we used. I 've got the coat, and I 'm economizing on the coal.

THE DEAR OLD TIMES — When Gold was at a Premium.

HE IS A NERVY sportsman who will dare to bring home dead ducks from the butcher's without first firing some shot into them.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

NATURALLY.

"St. Peter!" inquired Abraham, looking over the wall, "what is all that singing and dancing about down below there?"

"Oh, that 's a lot of fellows from Brooklyn!" replied St. Peter, disgustedly. "They think they 're in heaven."

HE WAS THE ANGRY ONE.

MRS. HOPPER.— My husband and I agreed to meet at a certain dry-goods store at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and he kept me waiting over an hour.

MRS. CROPPER.— I suppose you were quite angry.

MRS. HOPPER.— No; he was the angry one. You see I put in the time buying ever so many nice things I wanted.

'T IS QUEER how a spark will take its flight
Across the cheap rug set
Before the fireplace, and gaily light
Upon the new moquette.

A MODERN MONTE CRISTO.

"You are the world to me, dear May!"
With instinct fine,
She murmured: "William, you may say,
Like Monte Cristo in the play:
'The world is mine!'"

AN OLD SAW RE-SET.

"Faint heart ne'er won a lady"—
So doth the proverb run;
But many a youth, faint-hearted, has
By lady fair been won.

COMMENCING YOUNG.

MR. POPHAM.— I wonder what in the world is the matter with that baby *now?*

MRS. POPHAM *(sweetly)*.— I guess he feels "rocky," George.

IN CHANGE UNCHANGED.

OLD BACHE.— I see that you ladies are still like the ancient Venus.

MRS. DE MODE.— How so?

OLD BACHE.—In the matter of Fashions, you are still pleased with the judgement of Paris.

TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS.

PENELOPE ANN. — Yo' done spile yo' razzer at de pahty las' night.

AGUSTUS HENRY.— Huh! Dat 's nuffin. I done spile a cullud gen'l'man, too.

"DREADFULLY CUT UP" — The Amateur Carver's Fowl.

THE TROUBLE with the immigrant is, that he too often shakes the dust of Europe off his feet *after* he gets here. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

DISERPINTMUNT.

MY GRAMPA gin a gun ter me,
'T 'ud shoot a arrer twenty rods;
An' I beat Tommy Labbaree
A-hittin' stakes 'n' milk-weed pods.
But arter I bruk the bow an' trigger
That cross-gun did n't cut no figger.

My neighbors gin ther votes for me,
An' 'lected me third See-leck-man.
But Amos Gawkins sez, sez 'e:
"I would n't a tuk the *third*, I swan!"
His talk sot me ter feelin' jealous,
An' I resigned,— 'n' had the yellers.

My sweet-heart gin a kiss ter me,
The taste on 't larsted all night threw—
The sugarest thing I ever see.—
She gin another feller *tew!!*
An' tho' *he* got a nawful trimmin',
Sence then I kinder soured on wimmin.

Marm Natur' gin a frame ter me
L'k oak, 'n' tuffer 'n bass-'ood bark.
I beat the hull community,
In rasslin', jumpin', fightin', work.
But sence the roomertisum caught me,
I wisht the undertaker 'd got me.

An' God, He gin a soul ter me
As white as sugar, 'n' 'bout as good.
Now 't looks as ef I 'd stood 'n' see
Some feller drag it threw the mud.
I 'd sell out cheap ter anybody,—
Gun, gal an' offis, soul 'n' body.

Hemlock Green.

EXPERIENCE.

SMALL BOY.— Mama!
MOTHER.— Well, dear?
SMALL BOY.— He looks like how I feel when I 'm put to bed without any dinner.

THE NATURAL SEQUEL.

"They say McGalluster is writing a new book — sequel to 'Society As I Have Found It.'"
"Indeed? What is the new book to be called?
"'Society As I Have Lost It.'"

A FATAL FIGHT AT LAST.

"There was a terrible duel in France yesterday."
"Really?"
"Yes. One of the participants got rattled and hit the champagne basket. Broke every bottle."

SUFFICIENT GROUNDS.

FAIR CLIENT.— I want to get a divorce from my husband.
CHICAGO ATTORNEY.— On what grounds?
FAIR CLIENT.— Well, we were married —
CHICAGO ATTORNEY.— That 's all that is necessary. I 'll send you the decree C. O. D.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Bah!" said Charlie Knickerbocker at the club luncheon; "I don't like the taste of this beef. Where does this beef come from, waiter?"
"It is Chicago dressed beef, sir," replied the waiter.
"Ah! That accounts for it," said Charlie. "It is the Chicago dress that gives it the halo of bad taste."

TRUE TO LIFE.

D'AUBER.— I consider it the best thing I ever did.
CRITICAL FRIEND.— Heavens! Why, it is utterly devoid of expression!
D'AUBER.— Yes; that 's what I have striven for. It is a portrait of a member of the 400.

MATTER OF FACT.

MR. FAXON.— It has been figured that Jay Gould's fortune in silver dollars would require one hundred and fifty-six cars and eight locomotives to move it.
MRS. FAXON.— Indeed? Where is it to be moved to?

ALREADY IN THE BREACH.

For fickle public taste to please
The working funsmith goes
And writes five hundred parodies
On the new "Pastels in Prose."

R. L. McC.

FOILED.

"Neat dodge that of Hawkins', was n't it?"
"Like enough; but what did he do?"
"Why, his grandmother left all her money to found a Home for Incurables, and Hawkins took to drink!"

A FABLE.

ONCE UPON a time there was a sly old Pope who was manager of a Theological Theatrical Company which had Performed with great Success before all the Crowned Heads of Europe. One day he took his Company to a great Republic, where the Air of Freedom so intoxicated one of his Actors that it broke loose from the Company, and, taking to the Streets, amused the Populace by calling its late Manager an Old Woman and a Bag of Bones, and passing the hat between times. As soon as the Aged Pontiff perceived that the insubordinate Performer was thus making a comfortable living, he at once invited it back into the Company, saying to himself: "What is the Matter with MY having the Audience, and the Admission Money therefor?" And by attaching a string to the Organ of Vanity in the Insubordinate Performer, which was its Tenderest place, the aged Manager-Pope made the Monkey jump just about the way he wanted to have it jump.

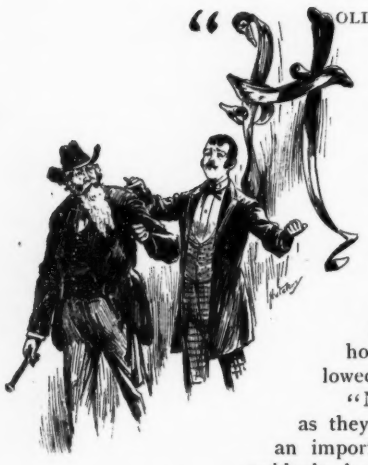
MORAL.— All the World 's a Stage.

THE FOX, THE MONKEY

NKEY AND THE "ZOO" AUDIENCE.

CRUSHING A BORE.

A TRADE TRAGEDY.



"HOLD! One moment, please!"

These words were spoken in low but firm tones by Harold Grosgrain, the junior floor-walker in Lacy's great emporium.

"Pardon me, but will you step this way, sir," he continued blandly.

The person thus accosted was dazzled by the floor-walker's keen gray eyes and shiny Prince Albert coat. He was a stout, well dressed man, about fifty years of age, with white hair and beard, and a frank, honest face. Without a word he followed the other into the private office.

"Mr. Lacy," said Harold Grosgrain, as they entered, "I believe I have made an important capture here;" and, stooping suddenly, he caught hold of the end of a piece of red ribbon which hung below the old gentleman's coat. Before the latter could prevent it the young man brought to light some twelve yards of the fabric.

"Ha!" said the merchant prince, "this is indeed a capture. Go at once and bring our detective here that we may search this man thoroughly."

In a moment Harold Grosgrain had returned with the detective. As they were about to begin a systematic search, the prisoner protested in a nervous voice. "Gentlemen," said he, "I beg of you not to search me. I am not a shop-lifter. I admit that my expression of frank, open-hearted candor makes me an object of suspicion in New York, but I acquired it many years ago when I was a dealer in antique furniture. Since I left that business I assure you I have lived an honest life."

"Let the search proceed," ordered the merchant sternly; and, despite the old man's spirited resistance, the order was obeyed.

From various inside pockets of his coat, from underneath his long white whiskers, and from the back of his neck the following articles were brought to light:

48 yards of satin ribbon of various shades; 2 pounds of assorted confectionery; A bundle of small U. S. flags; 12 packs of playing cards; 1 dozen silk handkerchiefs; 1 jar containing water and gold-fish; 6 oranges; 1 white rabbit; ½ bushel artificial roses; 2 Guinea pigs; 1 Canary bird in a small cage; 6 eggs.

"Now then, what have you to say to that?" demanded the detective.

"He must have visited Central Park before he came here," remarked the old merchant, as he examined the plunder. Harold Grosgrain stood proudly by, visions of promotion to the dignified eminence of Aisle Manager floating through his ebullient ribbon-counter mind.

The prisoner maintained a dogged silence. He was no longer stout; his capacious garments hung loosely upon him, but he was defiant.

At that moment a rap came at the door, and, closely following it, appeared a short, business-like man, in a state of great excitement.

"Oh! they told me I 'd find you here," he said, addressing the old man; "how long does it take you to buy a pair of paper cuffs, anyway? But what 's the matter?" he added, noting the old man's shrunken appearance.

"We have just taken from this man," said the detective; "this merchandise which you see here. He is a shop-lifter of the deepest dye."

"Shop-lifter nothin'!" retorted the newcomer excitedly. "Look a here; I 'm the property-man up at Herrmann's theatre; 'n' 'f you d' want a red-hot magician jumping on you in about ten minutes, you better liberate this old duck, because the matinée can't go on without him. We 've held the curtain half an hour already 'n' the people 's clammerin' round the box-office for their money now. Howje s'pose he can do his 'Bouquet of Mystic Novelties' without the honest-lookin', white-whiskered old gent to sit down in front 'n' let things be took off of him after they been put in boxes 'n' things on the stage?

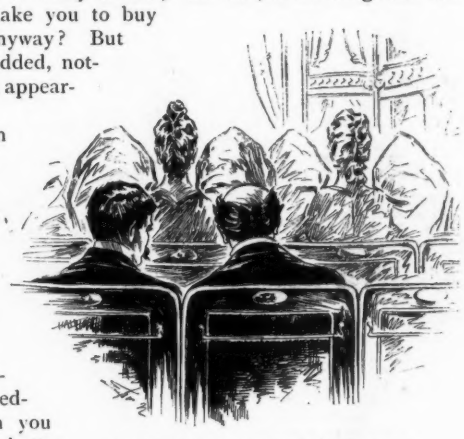
"He 's the man that holds coins and trinkets in his hand and says: 'No sir; it can't be done,' when he 's asked if they can be changed to a glass on the stage. He 's been with us for years, but this never happened before."

During this explanation, the old man had been bestowing his property about his person, in its accustomed places, and now, both men hastened away to the theatre.

"Then it seems that old man is not a shop-lifter," said Harold Grosgrain in a dazed way.

"Yes. Young man, you have made a very serious blunder, indeed," replied the merchant sternly. "From this time on you will be transferred to the Tinware Stock in the basement."

H. L. Wilson.



THOSE UNREASONABLE MEN.

Even when the women remove their hats at the theatre, those unreasonable men grumble just as much as before!

A CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT.

DUNHAM.—I have come to collect this bill.

OFFICE BOY.—Don't yer see the sign up?

DUNHAM.—That 's been up every day this week. When do you take it down?

OFFICE BOY.—Sundays 'n' holidays.

LETTER PERFECT — Chesterfield.

WHEN A MAN sets out to win fame as a dramatist, it is generally all work and no play with him.

THE CAPRICIOUS GODDESS.

FAME SEEKS not roofs of palaces to sound her trumpet note—
Her elect do not depend upon the metropolitan vote;
Great cities can't confine her; she turns from them, and then
She touches with her magic wand the humbler haunts of men!

Just note where mammoth meteors most likely are to fall,
Observe where tin-plate factories uprear their chimneys tall,
Where hail-stones drop from heaven, as big as turkey eggs,
And calves are brought into the world with six or seven legs;
Where lives the man whose testimony one so often sees
Alleging he was cured of some incurable disease;
Or he who seeks the bubble reputation on the run
By writing fulsome, laudatory letters to the *Sun;*
Or, where beyond the century the people often thrive,
And children are reported born in blocks of four or five.

These are places which the most of us have never known before,
With names of unfamiliar sound—like Mokeville, or Kilgore,
Or Raglesville, or Josco, Slabtown, or Maxinkuckee,
Or Muscamtuck, or Greasy Creek, or perhaps Ichetucknee,
Uwchland, Smoots, or Swinkey, or Upper Tulpehockem,
Saccarappa, Shuc'letown, Yoakum, Quorn, or Sockum,
Puckerbrush, or Gazaville, or Wingo, or Cayote,
Or Waples—or some other place that 's equally remote,
And with no claim to distinction; but, quite to the contrary,
The Goddess seems to pick them out to air some odd vagary.

Charles H. Howland.

A NOVEL SENSATION.

MISS CENTMILLES.—No; Mr. Cashless. Why did you imagine I would marry you?

CHARLEY CASHLESS.—I never thought so.

MISS CENTMILLES.—Then, why did you ask me?

CHARLEY CASHLESS.—I wanted to see how a man feels who has just lost a hundred thousand dollars.

"STUDYING UNDER HIM."

THEIR HEALTH FOOD.

PESSELS *(the druggist)*.—Hi, there! What 's the row?

MORTON *(the boy)*.—Matter 'nough; here 's a lady wants ten cents worth of insect powder, quick; an' the cockroaches has e't it all.

TO A WOMAN'S EYES, indifference, not cowardice, is the unpardonable sin in a man. The unbestowed caress of the lover who longs to kiss his sweetheart, but dares not, is valued infinitely more than an indifferent salute.

WHY?

I can not sing the old songs—
The chestnuts of to-day—
"McGinty," "Annie Rooney,"
"Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay;"

For, as soon as I begin one,
Some neighbor, jolly quick,
Garrotes me with a muffler
Or stuns me with a brick. *H. J.*

TIME WORKS CHANGES.

TAILOR-MADE MAN (1889).—Say, just look at the style of that coat! A man may be excusable for being poor, but there is no excuse for a civilized being putting on such a coat as that.

A MARTYR.

ETHEL.—I am a perfect martyr to ennui.

PAUL KNIGHT.—Is n't there something I can do?

ETHEL.—No-o; I don't want to hurry you.

IT WAS NOT till after an important engagement with his dentist that Pope wrote of being "stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair."

TAILOR-MADE MAN (1892).—Ah, Charlie, there 's nothing like these long box-coats for style and dress!

PEARY PRESSED THE BUTTON.

THE WONDERFUL SERIES OF KODAK PHOTOS WHICH HE MADE AMONG GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Lieut. Peary's expedition to the Arctic regions was a remarkable success from more than one standpoint; but the brave explorer fairly outdid himself as a photographer. He not only heeded the advice, "Take a Kodak with you," but went further and took three. Peary started northward with twenty-three rolls of film, and so vigorously did he "press the button" that he secured 2,000 first-class negatives. The New York *Sun* in speaking of them says:

"The fact that over 2,000 of the negatives have produced photographs of superior excellence speaks highly for the good quality of his instrument. * * * * It is certain that the pictorial results of no previous Arctic expedition compare with those Peary has achieved. * * * * Ethnologists will be particularly pleased with Peary's large series of photographs of nude subjects. They are so clear and definite in all details that in many cases even every marking in the palms of the hands may be distinctly traced."

Lieut. Peary is very enthusiastic over his success and is already planning a Kodak outfit for his next trip. In a letter to Mr. W. P. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, dated Dec. 16th, he says:

"My large percentage of successes (nearly if not quite 90 per cent.) can not be ascribed to special ability on my part, as I had never used a Kodak previous to this trip, and knew nothing of practical photography.

"It is a simple statement of fact that my pictures were 'all taken with a Kodak,' and it is but justice to say that I regard the Kodak as responsible for my having obtained a series of pictures of Arctic life and surroundings which in quality and quantity exceed any that have been brought back from Greenland and the Smith Sound region."

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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS
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INDIGESTION

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

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CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.
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Properly called the

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Your dealer knows the difference.—Insist on "Rex."

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WHY NOT SMOKE?

Not poisonous tobacco, but

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Contain no tobacco, and can be smoked by ladies. Recommended by physicians. Beware of injurious imitations. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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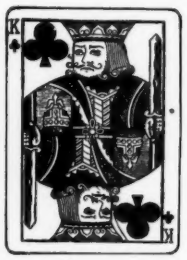
A CRITICAL CASE.

FIRST CHAPPY.—Heard about poor Cholly Littleneck? He 's feahfully ill!
SECOND CHAPPY.—Gwacious! What 's the mattah with him?
FIRST CHAPPY.—His man forgot to wawm his newspapah one mawning lahst week, and it gave him a feahful attack of bwonchitis!

Card Parties.



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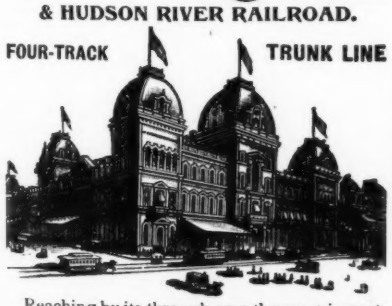

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NEW PATIENT.—Do you think you can help me, Doctor?
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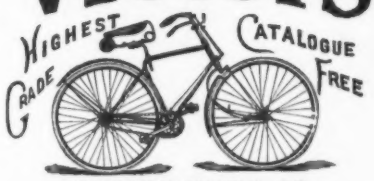

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Removes Obesity and Improves the Complexion.

Miss Susan Lee Matthews, 243 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.: Since August 1st I have reduced my weight about 3 pounds per week. I have used an obesity band, 3 bottles of obesity pills; wore the band 4 or 5 hours each day. My abdominal measure is 7 inches less. The pills improve the complexion and make the skin of the face smooth and give it a healthy color. I was advised to use Dr. Edison's pills by two lady friends, Mrs. Thorndike and Mrs. Matthews of Arlington St.

Measurement for the band is the largest part of the abdomen. The bands cost $2.50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents extra for each additional inch. You can buy the salt, pills and bands direct from our stores, or by mail or express. Or your druggist will furnish them.

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Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and Pozzoni's Complexion Powder has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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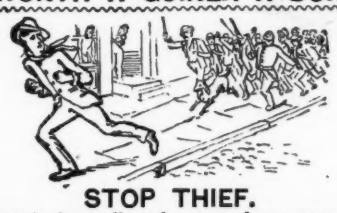

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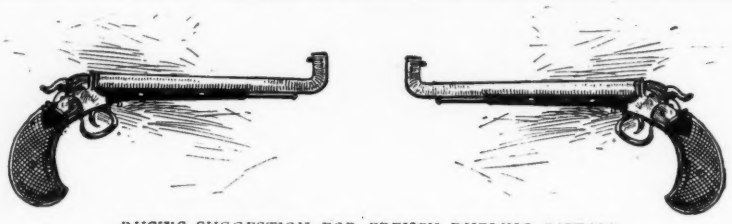

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$3.00 Hand-Sewed, **$2.50** and **2.00** Dongola, } **FOR LADIES.**
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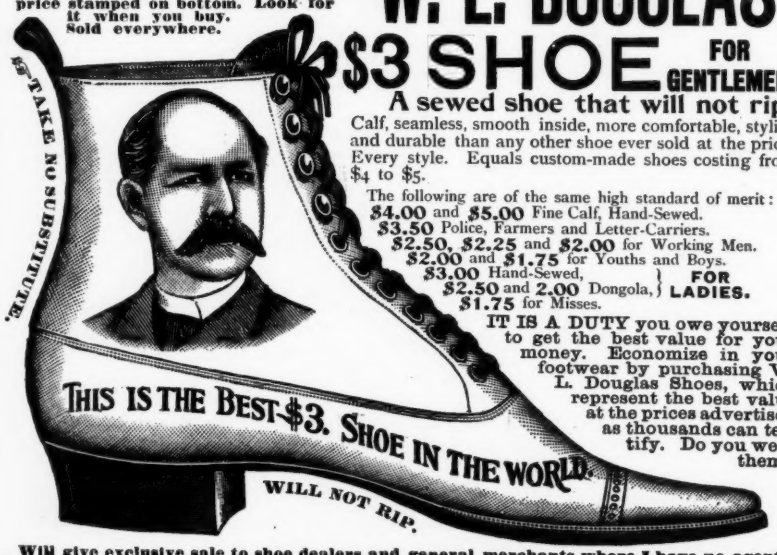

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. 683*

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I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a ***pure*** *and* ***healthy*** *American wine.*
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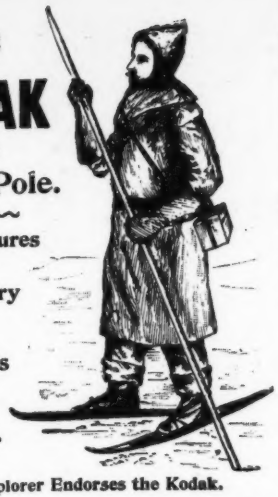

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SHE.—You have n't brought me a box of candy since we were married.

HE.—Yes; but think of the tons I brought you before we were married.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

HER BOSOM FRIEND.—Oh, what a dear little ring!

HERSELF *(blushingly).*—Yes. It 's my engagement ring.

HER BOSOM FRIEND *(sweetly).*—Where did you buy it?—*Quips.*

WIFE.—How do you know that large hats were popular as long ago as the year 1752.

HUSBAND.—Because that was the year that the first theater was opened in America.—*Inter Ocean.*

MAUD.—Aunt Marie, what does "love" mean in lawn-tennis?

MARIE.—Just the same as in anything else. Nothing.—*Quips.*

LAIRY.—Well, Moses, this is what I call a first-class time. I—

MOSES.—Hush, Lairy; don't say that out loud, for this is only a second-class ticket we 're travelin' on.—*Inter Ocean.*

DUMSQUIZZLE.—Young Timberwheel has a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

SKIMGULLET.—I never see him wear but one.

DUMSQUIZZLE.—Yes; that 's the suit.—*Quips.*

ALUMINIUM buggies are new in the market. They should find special favor, as they will be light even on the darkest night.—*Inter Ocean.*

JAMESON.—The new minister seems to be a wide-awake young man.

PETERSON.—Yes; but he 's so deaf he can't hear his own sermons.—*Inter Ocean.*

LOAFERS talk most of being unable to get work.—*Atchison Globe.*

No Anti-Pyrine in Bromo-Seltzer.
Cures all headaches — 10c. a bottle.

LIQUOR bills are often paid at the lunatic asylum.—*Tex. Sift.*

People used to buy a watch complete. Knowing ones do so no longer. They select their movement and then ask to see a case. People know about movements, they don't know much about cases. Please remember to ask your jeweller to see a Fahys Gold Filled Case hereafter for it will pay you to do so. **Fahys**

"WHY did you arrest this man?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"For practice," returned the policeman. "I 'm new on the force, and I wanted to learn how, your Honor."—*Harper's Bazar.*

KIRK'S JUVENILE TOILET SOAP

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"Yes," said Wallie, proudly; "there is n't anything plated about me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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For people contemplating either extended or limited pleasure jaunts during the winter and spring of the new year, an inspection of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's announcement of its personally-conducted tours will prove of great assistance. As far as territory covered is concerned, the first in importance is the series to the Golden Gate and Pacific Coast points, starting from New York and Philadelphia February 8th, March 2d and 29th. The same liberal provisions accorded last year, as to conditions and use of tickets, will be in effect for these tours.

A series of five will be run to Florida—January 31st, February 14th and 28th, March 14th and 28th. The rates of $50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Washington, and proportionate rates from other points, cover all necessary expenses *en route* in both directions. Tickets for the first four tours will admit of a stay of two weeks in the flowery State, and for the fifth until May 30th.

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NEEDED PROTECTION.

MR. SUBURB.—What in the world is that fat, lazy tramp doing around here?

MRS. SUBURB.—I hired him to stay around and protect me from that horrible big watch-dog you brought home last night.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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